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PUT DOWN THE TYRANTS!

They never fall who die in a great cause;
The block may smother their gore;
Their heads may sicken in the sun—their limbs
be strung to city gates
And castle walls, but still their spirit walks abroad;
Though years elapse, and others share as dark a
doom,
It but augments the deep and sweeping thought
Which o'erpowers all others, and which conducts
The world at last to freedom. BYRON.

People of Canada! Remember that the
blood of martyrs in the cause of FREEDOM
calls aloud for vengeance at your hands.

ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.

AMABLE DAUNAIS.

[Executed for High Treason at Montreal
15th Feb., 1839.]

AMABLE DAUNAIS was born in 1819, of
a good family; and resided at Ruisseau des
Noyers in the Parish of Ste. Marguerite
de Blairfindie, County of Laprairie, Lower
Canada. Of his political career we know
nothing. According to the information
we can collect from people who knew him,
he was a quiet unoffending young man,
behaving himself very decently, and having
the good will of all his acquaintances.

The first time that his name was brought
before the public, was as being concerned
in the pretended murder of a spy named
Joseph Armand dit Chartrand, who was
put to death on the 27th day of Novem-
ber 1837, when the County of Lacadie
was in open rebellion against the English
government. This young man actuated
by his noble patriotism, had also resorted
to arms to deliver his country from British
oppression. The patriots were organizing
in the County of Lacadie with the inten-
tion of joining the patriot forces at St.
Charles, whose defeat they had not learned.
Chartrand had enlisted in the volunteer
corps which had been formed at St. Johns,
and was sent to spy out the movements of
the patriots, at the First Grand Line where
was the general rendez-vous—these, finding
that a spy was among them, and that he
had even uttered violent threats against
them, resolved that he should meet the
fate he deserved! and he met that fate.
Such was the transaction for which a short
time afterwards, the subject of this biog-
raphy was arrested. He laid the whole win-
ter in jail, and when Lord Durham issued
his pretended amnesty, Mr. Daunais with
several others, were excluded on account
of the charge of the murder of Chartrand
brought against him. We shall not now
discuss the merits of the question, whether
it was really a murder or not. Of the
personal appearance of the prisoner at the
bar, a pamphlet which we have be-
fore us, says: "Amable Daunais is about
20 years of age, of a small stature, his looks
are decent, and he has nothing extraordi-
nary about him. His color is rather dark
and his features are far from being insigni-
ficant." Such was the appearance of Mr.
Daunais when he appeared before the in-
quisition under the unjust accusation of
murder. All the proofs that could be ad-
duced against him, were brought forward.
Among the crown witnesses was one man
named Etienne Langlois of Lacadie who
had turned Queen's evidence. The pri-
soner was defended by Mr. William Wal-
ker and Mr. Charles Mondelet, both law-
yers of the greatest talents of the city of
Montreal. The Solicitor General who was
the prosecutor for the Crown, had made
at the beginning of the trial, a long
appeal to the religious feeling of the jury-
men, and told them that if they did not
return a verdict of "guilty" against the
accused, the departed spirit of Chartrand
would pursue them night and day to take
revenge. Twenty one witnesses were
heard against the prisoners, after which
Mr. Mondelet in an eloquent speech, de-
monstrated to the Court and jury that an
affair of the description of the one now be-

fore the Court, could not be called a mur-
der; that in November 1837, the County
in which the unfortunate affair had taken
place, was in open rebellion against the
government and was seeking all means
to overthrow that government; that Char-
trand was a spy sent purposely by the to-
ries to ascertain the number of the patri-
ots, as also their means of defence; that he
had openly bragged that the First Grand
Line, where the patriots were assembling,
would be burnt in a few days;—that un-
der all those circumstances Chartrand had
come among the patriots, who in those
times of complete anarchy, acknowledging
not the British government, but on the
contrary looking at it as their common en-
emy, thought it advisable to take all
necessary precaution, not to be defeated in
their plans of resistance; and that instead
of hanging Chartrand as is always the
fate awarded to a spy, they had shot him.
All these things Mr. Mondelet offered as
incontrovertible arguments. He consented
that the Crown might, with more hon-
esty of purpose, try the prisoners for *High
Treason*, but not for murder.

Mr. Abraham Bechard one of the most
respectable men of the County of Lacadie,
gave his testimony as to the moral character
of the subject of this biography in the
following words: "Mr. Daunais is a kind
and very fine young man." Mr. Louis De-
fayette, who unfortunately is a state pri-
soner this year, gave his testimony in fa-
vour of Mr. Daunais as follows: "I know
Mr. Daunais from his childhood, he has
always been a very mild and honest young
man."

That the deceased was a spy employed
by the British to watch all the movements
of the patriots, was established beyond a
doubt. A very respectable old man, from
the same place where Chartrand resided,
came to Court and swore as follows, "I
knew Chartrand, he did not bear the
character of an honest man. Mr. David
Roy had spent some days with him at St.
Johns and one evening Chartrand beat
him unmercifully. Afterwards Chartrand
begged Mr. Roy to excuse his conduct. I
met him the next day and he asked me
how was Mr. Roy. I told him that he
ought to know better than I, as he had
nearly killed him the previous day. Char-
trand answered that *that was not all*, and
that *there were other things that he would
soon do*. He had the reputation of being
a spy, and was enlisted among the volun-
teers."

Mr. Jacob Bouchard was next called,
and he gave his testimony that Chartrand
was very much dreaded about Lacadie,
that he was a regular spy, and that he had
boasted that he would kill and burn all in
Lacadie.

That the whole County of Lacadie was
in a complete state of anarchy, was proved
by the testimonies of two inveterate to-
ries, Dr. Quesnel and Mr. Archambeault, both
of Lacadie.

As soon as the testimonies in behalf of
the prisoners, had been concluded, the At-
torney General in a long speech, urged
upon the jury to find the prisoners "guilty
of wilful murder." According to the At-
torney General, Mr. Nicholas whose bio-
graphy we shall soon give, was the princi-
pal actor and Mr. Daunais and others
were accomplices, but the jury not forget-
ful of their obligations towards the Su-
preme Being, and feeling their responsi-
bility towards their country, after a delib-
eration of an hour and a half, brought in an
unanimous verdict of acquittal to the pri-
soners. Immediately signs of approbation
were given by the people present. Mr.
Walker then rose and asked for the pro-
tection of the Court in behalf of the pri-
soners as the tories had openly threatened
that if they were acquitted, they (the
tories) would massacre them. His re-
quest was granted and the next morning
each of those unfortunate prisoners was
in the midst of their respective families,
who had been much alarmed at their trial.
So ended the *Durham* persecution, who
under the pretence of being generous to-
wards the Canadians people, had banished

eight of our countrymen from home and
country without any form of trial; and
forbidden sixteen others, to enter the Pro-
vince under pain of death; and devoted
eight others to an ignominious death un-
der the ridiculous and false pretence that
they were *murderers*. Such was Lord
Durham's clemency and lenity.

Mr. Daunais being returned to his fami-
ly after an imprisonment of eight months,
little thought of taking an active part in
the revolutionary movements which took
place in the month of November following.
During his long and tedious incarceration
he had sufficient time to reflect on the sad
predicament in which his beloved country
would be placed as long as it should re-
main under British misrule. He had how-
ever decided to take no active part and
kept aloof from all parties. But the trying
day was at hand, the signal had been giv-
en and his countrymen were again nobly
contending for liberty. His heart was too
generous to behold such a spectacle with-
out sharing the dangers of the contest.
He then joined the patriots, but not as
was falsely sworn, at Napierville. While
the patriots were armed, it is suffi-
ciently proved to the minds of all candid
men who read the testimonies in behalf of
the prisoner that he never set his foot in
Napierville during the whole time it was
in the possession of the patriots. It was
then on false testimony that this unfortu-
nate young man was condemned to death.
So much was he devoted to his country's
cause that he did not breathe a murmur
when the terrible sentence of death was
officially announced to him. In more than
one instance he had faced death; he had
known that persecution was rife against
him and that his neck was before-hand de-
voted to the halter; knowing all these
things he expected that nothing short of
the sacrifice of his life, would satisfy Sir
John Colborne and his bloody Court Mar-
tial.

He prepared for death, and on the ter-
rible day with his unfortunate companions
he mounted the scaffold of death with great
firmness. And would it not have been
surprising that being in the company of
the BRAVE, GENEROUS-HEARTED and ILL-
FATED DE LORIMIER, he should not have
been animated by the heroic examples
Mr. DE LORIMIER and *Brigadier-
General* HINDELANG were giving to
their fellow-martyrs? Arrived on the scaf-
fold Mr. Daunais refused to speak, and as
soon as his brethren in misfortune were
prepared for the awful moment, they were
launched into the air, to go and seek refuge
in the unseen world against tyranny and
despotism. It was on the 15th. February
that this young martyr offered his life on
the gibbet for the ransom of his beloved
country. Thus at the tender age of twenty-
years, has perished a young man of
good moral habits and of a peaceable and
honorable life. On false testimonies dicta-
ted by the wrath of the bloody and vindic-
tive Sir John Colborne, was this young
man sacrificed in the prime of life. He
perished some few months later than the
hypocritical, vain and bombastic Durham
had doomed him to die.

This reminds us of the sad times of
'98 in Ireland when the poor unfortunate
Philip Fardy was executed for *mur-
dering persons unknown*. As no real
crime could be brought against him,
they had recourse to surmises and forgery.

JOURNAL OF A POLITICAL PRISONER.

[Translated for the North American.]

(CONTINUED.)

As the dungeons and cells were full of
prisoners, they put a great number in a
ward destined for the debtors and also in
the chapel. In this last apartment of a-
bout 40 feet by 50, there have been as
many as 98 wretched men, shut up with-
out beds or bedding in the most inclement
season of the year, and without the means
of keeping themselves clean. As if they
had not enough of misery and privations,
the authorities ordered that the windows
facing the St. Lawrence river should

be closed and all instruments of music,
which might divert their gloomy thoughts,
were strictly prohibited. History has re-
corded as a trait of cruel barbarity, the
conduct of that jailer, who, seeing one of
his prisoners taking pleasure in taming a
spider, killed the innocent subject of his
prisoner's amusement. If we remain for
some time yet in this jail, we shall have
fine pages to add to the history of the cru-
elties of jailers, who have illustrated their
profession. Oh, Sir John! Sir John! you
shall no doubt be more distinguished for
brutal meanness than as a military Chief.

With some others of the prisoners, I
was fed by the jailer on paying him \$4
per week. If we took a glass of spirituous
liquor of which we were in great need, we
had also to pay very dear for it. Very
soon a great number of us finding the price
too high, managed it so as to have our
victuals from the city. But a greater num-
ber of our fellow prisoners, having no
means in their power, were obliged to feed
themselves on the 1 & 1-2 lbs. of bread
which is given by government to the felons
and murderers, as well as to the political
prisoners. This portion is sufficient to
prevent a man from dying of hunger.
However there were men whose sto-
machs requiring more food, oftentimes were
taking their scanty ration at their breakfast
meal and remained the rest of the day
without a single mouthful, & who in some
instances became deranged for want of pro-
per nourishment. The baker of the jail is
so little watched that oftentimes his bread
is not well baked, or has not the requisite
weight. The water is furnished us from
a pump, but many a time, have we been
without this necessary article owing to the
pump being out of order. A ward sometime
ago was 26 hours without a single drop of
water; and what is extremely disgusting
to any reasonable being, is, that the pumps
are placed in the privies, from which we
are obliged to take all the water we use
for drinking or for washing. A society of
ladies of this city, whose patriotism de-
serves the greatest praise, has furnished
daily for two months past, soup to those
unfortunate men who have but one pound
and a half of bread to live upon.

The government is obliged to furnish
the felons and murderers confined in
their jails, with a straw-bed, and a blanket
and a quilt, but these favors were granted
at first to but a few political prisoners. It
was not till some time after my captivity
that I could procure even a miserable straw-
bed, which I used until a friend from the
city sent me a better one.

The greater number of us were forced
to sleep on the bare floor, a piece of wood
under the head and without any covering
whatever; and this was continued for two
months and a half. I believed that for a
month since all the prisoners have had
straw-beds. The cold has produced the
most dreadful effects. Already many of us
have felt the influence of those terrible pri-
vations, and two prisoners, Messrs. Drolet
and Aniot, both members of Parliament
for the County of Vercheres, are near their
death, & throw the fault upon those whose
duty it was to oversee and know how
the prisoners were treated.

Such was the harsh treatment inflicted
upon 300 prisoners, before they had been
convicted of any crime, and even before
any magistrate whatever knew the nature
of the accusations brought against them,
and against many of whom no affidavits
had been made.

This conduct is quite in opposition to their
treatment towards one of their loyal volun-
teers, who had been in jail. He was justly
accused of murder, having shot a young
child, 3 years old, at Riviere du Chene;
but it must be remembered that the child
belonged to a Radical. This prisoner had
the use of the whole jail, as also of the
yard, the same as if he had been a debtor.

One of the political prisoners a short
time after the arrests began to be made,
sent a petition to Sir John Colborne, tel-
ling him of the dreadful state to which we
were reduced, and apprising His Excellen-
cy that we were totally deprived of all
religious consolation. Two months after

His Excellency sent an answer that he
would take the subject into his *most seri-
ous consideration*. Sir John has said right;
the consideration is so *serious* that it lasts
yet, and will probably last until his suc-
cessor shall take his place. However two
priests of St. Sulpice Seminary have visi-
ted us some few days back, and they told
us that they had leave to come and admin-
ister religious comforts to the prisoners.
But all this does not change our diet,
which consists of bread and water, and
does not purify the air of our cells, which
is very infectious.

We had a great deal to suffer from the
insolence of the turn-keys of the jail, who
wanted to treat us as felons; we had also
a great deal to bear from the impolite and
arbitrary conduct of many of the military
officers, who for a long while, visited the
jail.

Tyrants always find good reasons for
persecuting the defenceless & their fears al-
ways excite their hatred and persecution.
A prisoner (Mr. S. Marchessault) had
passed his time in moulding small lead
cannons of few inches long which he had
completely rigged. This was discovered by
some indiscreet persons who immediately
apprised the *authorities* of the terrible fact;
fear augmented the number as well as the
size of the cannons. The Sheriff made
haste towards the jail and caused a con-
siderable noise about this nonsense; a
thorough visit was made all over the ward
where it was said that cannons had been
cast; the one accused of having cast the
cannons, was threatened with being put in
irons, and all this stir for a *plaything* which
had been made to amuse a small child who
was then visiting his father. But this is
not all; rumor had spread all over the City
that cannons were cast in jail, that powder
had been furnished to the prisoners by
means of loaves of bread in which it had
been secreted, and that at a certain hour of
the night, the prisoners were to fire upon
the sentries, and that by this *coup de
main* we were to obtain the keys of the jail
and thereby make our escape. The sen-
tries in consequence received orders to be
on the *qui vive*, and to keep a good watch
on the windows. The result of all this noise
was that no sentry is yet killed and that we
are yet in jail. I should not be surprised if
the Sheriff or the Jailer should be made
Knight of the garter, or of the *MOST
HONORABLE Military Order of the
Bath*, for this grand exploit in crushing
such a mighty conspiracy against the ten-
der government of *HER MOST MA-
JESTY*.

It was through fear that they increased
the number of the sentries, and the guard
in jail; it was through fear that they placed
sentries not only out of the jail, but also
at the door of each ward, where there are
prisoners; it was through fear that new
iron-grates were added and that the door
of each ward was plated anew with sheet-
iron. I would here relate the story of a
fire which was very near consuming this
jail some days since, but the people would
believe that I was writing a novel, and
would hardly credit it; so I abstain from
speaking of it. It suffices for me to say
that nearly all the troops of the city, the
magistrates, the Sheriff, & all the authori-
ties, came to fulfil each their part of this
comedy which might be intitled "people
frightened out of their senses." When
we were first imprisoned, we could not
obtain the leave of having paper, ink, pen,
pencils, penknives, either to write to our
families or to take notes. With time this
excessively rigorous order was partly re-
called, or at least the prisoners were not
watched so closely as they were at the be-
ginning. We were not allowed then to re-
ceive letters nor to read news-papers, or see
our friends. Now we can write or receive
letters, but they must pass through the
hands of the Attorney General: they seem
to allow us the perusal of newspapers
but as to our friends, we cannot see them.
No doubt our condition is better than it
was at the beginning of our incarceration,
but still we are in duress, and do not
know what fate awaits us. The greater